

# UNITED STATES

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI.

## Original Poem.

THE TRIPOD.\*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY LEVION RARD.

\*Know that this—that here are at the time is—

*King Lear.*

For we sit down with heart's tragic gloom

Citizen lives upon the back of each man,

And clasped in private spleen close complosed.

O'erwaving grandeur smacked the mighty mould

Of her magnificence; and angelic song

With voices like the organ's tones were sung

Along the gladdened firmament for joy.

As earth—the lovely daughter! sprang, to life,

Then, every leaf, and flower,

And the green boughs of the Dovey.

White ocean, cascade, mountain, hill, and plain,

Proclaimed that now his hand-work was done.

There man, with his levered prostrate,

In misery and innocence, was placed.

Profoundly he stood upon his native earth,

And the world trembled at his tread.

To his own mind, the type of vast infinity;

How now consoled the high and holy troupe;

And he, to fill a wise and deep desire,

The great and awful task of the Dovey.

Al, happy mother thou! Mid Edie's bloom,

Where violets breathed, and light celestial shade,

He wandered as the good and grateful child,

Filled with the love of his mother, and the love

Of the lovely scenes of childhood's home.

He knew not sin, when foul corrupting touch

Had power to bind him from his native thine,

And from the purity of his soul.

It is an innocent to gladd' me now!

Bliss daily with the converse of his God,

Nor dream he that ere long that dream of bliss,

Should not be blotted out by more.

True—He loves—He loves—He loves—

With his eyes upon the doveys change.

Wock has aye seen this once-warld of ours\*

No single attribute canst remain.

All that thou appear'dst so beautiful

Canst be thy picture, and thy smile,

But is an innocent to gladd' me now!

Bliss daily with the converse of his God,

Nor dream he that ere long that dream of bliss,

Should not be blotted out by more.

True—He loves—He loves—He loves—

With his eyes upon the doveys change.

The legend.

The last of garments in the blithe clouds of a

thunder storm had rolled away into the east, on

an evening in the dewy month of June, and

the new clouds soon shed a flood of mellow

radiance on the wet and heavy foliage of the

trees, and on the dark green laurel shrubs that

afterwards gave a name to the hill on which

we now sit. A broad air of softness filled the

whole earth, and every thing was hushed.

At first there was a faint murmur, then a

soft murmur, then a low murmur, then a

dark murmur, then a deep murmur, then a



has recovered a verdict of the Directors of the time, for injuries received in a hole in the pavement.

The Illinois Point Demands of local manufacturers, Illinois, during the year 1842, Point furnished.

factories in Denville, New Jersey, who designs to

make of cloth, satinette,

and on board the packet ship

the passage from Liverpool

in consequence of inquiries

on the 28th of April, 1842.

is being exhibited in A-

which is represented as

30 hands high, which

he can run a mile in four

it is said, has been dis-

closed.

nal News.

Consult at Charleston, S. C.,

for duty for the last fifteen

years for his recall and his

return to the State of Alabama.

the best works extant on

Burlington, last summer,

of the Society of Friends,

the festivities came off a

the next Anniversary of

and Peabody Seminary.

